Vol. II. No 39. Total 91.

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, *August* 7, 1802.

The Castle de Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

CHAP. I.

" Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
" Their homely birth, or parentage obscure
" Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
" The short and simple annals of the poor !"

SLOWLY and heavily the bell of the great clock in the turret tolled out three: the gloomy mists of night were gradually dispersing, while a faint yellow, tinging the eastern hemisphere, already indicated the approach of day.—Matilda started from her couch yet wet with tears, and which had that night afforded her but broken and imperfect slumbers. Fearing that she had exceeded the appointed time, she hastily arrayed herself in her simple habit, and bending mournfully over the bed of the yet sleeping Raymond, bestowed innumerable kisses on his dimpled mouth.

" Sweet babe !" cried she in an agony of tears: " perhaps I for the last time view thy lovely countenance!—no longer shall I receive pleasure from thy innocent endearments! Oh! why does virtue demand this painful sacrifice !——my dear lady, too —all—all lost ! !"

Again she pressed her lips to those of the child, who opened his eyes, and, fixing them on Matilda, smiled sweetly. The smile undid all her resolution; and seating herself by his side, she soothed him with her accustomed tenderness, heedless of the passing time. The clock again reminded her of her tardiness, and with reluctance she replaced the child; and, casting a mournful look round her little apartment, departed.

With trembling steps and perturbed heart she descended the great staircase. All was yet profoundly still. At the appointed spot she met Jacques, who waited (faithful to the trust reposed in him) to open the gate for her.

" Alack! Matilda," said he, brushing away an involuntary tear with the sleeve of his coat, " are you, then, determined to quit us? Sorrowful will be the day to us poor servants! don't you remember the many merry dances we have had in this hall, and how jealous Claude and Felix used to be, when you gave me your hand in preference?"

" Yes !" said Matilda, raising her eyes to heaven with fervor——" think not that I shall ever forget the many happy days I have passed under this roof. But do not, my best friend, endeavour to alter, by your lamentation, a determination you know the necessity of."

" But, surely, Matilda," said Jacques, " you will not *now* be so coy as to deny me a parting sulute!"

Matilda smiled though her undried tears, and, giving him her hand, said——

" Receive my thanks for your kind services. Day now breaks on a-pace: I must bid you adieu. I well know that it is needless for me to bid you remember Matilda.

Jaques took a purse from his pocket, and, pressing it into her hand, said——

" Accept this, my dear girl: when the contents are expended, the purse will remain as a small token of remembrance."

She assured him that the liberality of her lady had rendered his gift unnecessary; but, rather than hurt his generous spirit, she accepted it. He then softly, though unwillingly, opened the door, and, again bidding her a tender adieu closed it after her.

She tripped nimbly across the lawn, but her heart did not keep pace with the swiftness of her feet. When she had travelled about three quarters of a mile, tired and breathless, she threw herself upon the grass, and with tearful eyes contemplated the distant battlements of Warrenne Castle.

Matilda, at this period, had just complet her fourteenth year. Her figure was elegantly formed, and tho' it had not attained its perfect stature, was nevertheless far from contemptible. Her complexion, exquisitely fair, was admirably contrasted with a profusion of chesnut-coloured hair, which fell in careless ringlets over her forehead and bosom. Her eyes were bright and piercing, and the contraction of the eyes at the temples gave an expression of archness highly fascinating. Her dress consisted of a grey camlet jacket and petticoat, neatly bound with black ribbon, which served to exhibit to advantage her fine shape. A net fillet confined the superfluous hair, over which was tied a little black chip hat; and a pair of blue silk mittens completed her dress, at once simple and becoming.

Such was the person of our little heroine, as she sunk fatigued and exhausted upon the turf. Her little bundle, containing her change of linen, she disengaged from her arm, and for a few moments freely indulged in an extravagance of grief: then, more composed and refreshed, she rose, and pursued her solitary journey.

The parents of Matilda were poor industrous peasants in the province of Chantilly, whose only pleasurable relaxation from labour was in the infantile sports of their darling girl. As her personal attract ons daily increased, her mind proportionably expanded; and her eargerness for instruction far exceeded their means of gratifica

tion. One accomplishment it was in their power to afford her:——Matilda had a sweetly plaintive voice, and warbled the little rustic airs with peculiar grace. The savings of a twelvemonth's economy were expended in the purchase of a lute, on which a neighbouring cottager instructed her to play, and in a short time preceived that his pretty pupil made such rapid progress in the wonder-working science, as to attract the notice of every passing traveller. On an evening, when her allotted household task was finished, she usually seated herself upon the mossy bench at the door of their hut, and played madrigals for the amusement of her young village companions, who thronged delighted round her.

On one of these occasions, the cheerful party were dispersed by the approach of a carriage, containing a lady and gentleman. Matilda abashed, put up her lute, and was returning into the cottage; when the lady, perceiving, and struck with her appearance, beckoned her to them.—Trembling with modest timidity, Matilda approached, and, curtsying respectfully, requested to know if she should prepare them any refreshment.

The lady regarded her attentively, and demanded her name, with several other questions, which she answered with less embarrassment. Pleased with her manner, the strangers alighted; and, after taking some fruit and milk, made her an offer to accompany them back in their carriage to view the Castle.

Elated with the prospect of such a distinguished honour, it was accepted by the humble family with a profusion of thanks; and Matilda, delighted with the gradeur of her new company, gladly repaired with them to Warrenne Castle. Lady de Warrenne, charmed with the person and behaviour of her lovely guest, felt unwilling to relinquish her, and with some little difficulty prevailed upon the simple cottagers to permit her attendance upon little Raymond.

Sir Authur de Warrenne had been a firm adherent to the cause of his sovereign John. Some domestic concerns had obliged him to desert his parental estate in Ireland, and fix his residence in France. His unshaken fidelity to his monarch, tho' exerted in a bad cause, could not but reflect honour on his character, as firm allegiance should ever distinguish a courtier. He possessed generosity and valour, but at the same time he gave way to an impetuosity of temper which rendered him unt to bear disappointment or contradiction: pride, avarice, and ambition, were his predominant passions.

Early in life he received the hand of an amiable and accomplished woman; but as no children were likely to crown his wishes, not even the amiable disposition of his wife could prevent him from treating her with the grossest disrespect; and his temper, being irritable, received additionable mortification from this grievous dissappointment.

Indulging his spleen one day in solitary ramble, he perceived at the foot of a tree a large parcel: stooping to take a nearer view, his surprize was extreme to observe it agitated with a gentle motion; and raising it with his hand, found it to contain an infant boy wrapped in costly cloaths. Upon unfolding the cloth with which it was enveloped, he found it to contain a necklace and cross, of diamonds, of considerable value; with a note, which he instantly opened, in which were these words:—

"Should Providence direct any one hither ere this unfortunate babe has breathed its last, let pity plead in their breast for the innocent victim of pride and tyranny!—one born of noble blood, though driven by persecution to this fate. A time may come when its wretched parents shall dare to claim their Raymond.——Till then, oh! stranger, be thou his protector!—Heaven will be thy reward."

Sir Authur mused some time upon the strangeness of the event. His humanity, actuated also by some secret motives, inspired him with a resolution highly favourable to the abandoned infant. Despairing of having a natural heir to his ample possessions, he determined to adopt Raymond for his son. Filled with this intention, as resolute as sudden, he carried the child home, and presented it to his lady, relating the adventure, and insisting upon her receiving it as her own.

Ever accustomed to implicit obedience, Lady de Warrene gave an immediate consent, notwithstanding her feelings powerfully affected her, at the idea of fostering in her bosom a child of unknown origin. The innocent and engaging looks of the infant soon reconciled her to the necessity, and in a short time her affection for it was little short of what it would have been, had it in reality possessed a natural claim to her love.

It was at this time that Sir Authur and his lady met with Matilda, in the manner related. It instantly occurred to them, that her assistance would be of material service to lighten the fatigue Lady De Warrenne experienced in her indefatigable attendance upon Raymond. Sir Authur whose good humour had lately been unbounded, joined in the wish, and Matilda returned with them.

At first, her youthful fancy, dazzled with the prospect of living in such splendour, readily acquiesced in their request; but, upon sight of the large antique Castle, with its mouldering walls and heavy iron gates, her courage failed, and she heartily repented her rashness in quitting the pretty pleasant cottage of Leonard and Pauline. Time, however, at length reconciled her to her situation; she soon loved little Raymond with the most lively affection, and for some time her happiness was unbounded.

The death of Pauline was the first real affliction her gay and artless bosom had ever experienced, and she mourned her loss with true filial piety. Lady De Warrenne generously defrayed the expences of the funeral, and presented Matilda with the mourning before described. The first grief being at length subsided, she began to regain her accustomed gaiety. Her vivacity and good humour endeared her to all the domestics, and the praises of Matilda were sounded from every tongue.

Her felicity was to prove but of short duration. Those charms which are erroneously supposed productive of happiness to the possessor, were in reality to her the sources of misfortune.

The engaging child soon expanded into the lovely woman, and Sir Authur found a passion glowing in his breast stronger than *humanity*. Ever ardent and impetuous in his projects, he hesitated not to make her acquainted with the sentiments she had inspired; entreating, nay demanding, a return, as a compensation for the obligations she was under to him.

Poor Matilda heard him with a look of horror and astonishment. She rushed from his presence, in spite of his efforts to detain her, with detestation strongly depicted upon her expressive countenance. Hastening to her chamber, she flung herself upon her knees, and with uplifted hands implor the Almighty protection. She rose inspired with fortitude and resignation, and debated with herself what plan to pursue.

The penetrating eyes of Lady De Warrenne soon discovered her uneasiness, and with maternal tenderness pressed to know the cause. Again, Sir Authur met her, and, seizing her hand, forcibly demanded her detention. She screamed with affright, and with a sudden spring disengaged herself from his grasp. Sir Authur, his countenance distorted with rage, muttered as she fled, that——if entreaty and gentle methods could not prevail with her, force

should compel her to accede to his wishes.

She was tottering on the staircase, overcome with dread; a faint sickness came over her; her eyes and limbs refused their office; and she fell from the top to the bottom.——When she recovered, she found herself in the arms of Jaques, whose honest heart, sympathizing in her distress, prompted him to give her all the assistance in his power.—She imparted, in confidence, to him her situation; adding, that she would rather herself experience the greatest calamity than give pain to her Lady, by making her acquainted with the baseness of Sir Authur; for which reason she determined secretly to quit the Castle, and return to her father, to whom she might be of service in his declining years.

The generosity of Lady De Warrenne having supplied her so liberally as to satisfy her present wants, for the future she trusted to her own cheerful industry. Jaques, though deeply struck with the sense of her virtue, offered some of objection, to no purpose: and, after gaining him over to her interest in the manner related, quitted the Castle De Warrenne.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

IN your last number, I observed a critical examination and exposition of the *Transient Observer*, in the preceding paper. Although your correspondent has professed himself *A Constant Observer*, and endeavoured to demonstrate himself an acute critic, I believe he has failed to establish his character for accuracy of observation, or profundity of conception. In the Prospectus to the second volume of the Repository to which he refers, there appears to be no head under which "puerilities" are introduced, or any thing by which they can be understood, and with all *due humility*, I presume, that there may be—"Amusing Miscellanies; such as, *epitaphs, epigrams*, riddles, rebuses, and *mathematical questions*"—without any thing "puerile or infantine" being necessarily comprehended. If these my "unassuming" conceptions of the subject are accurate, our Constant Observer does not evince any *vast* depth of intellect.

In perusing the many windings of this great rhetorician, we find that he has not observed any thing resembling "infantine conundrums" in the numbers of the Enigmatist. Whether his sagacity is to be depended upon, and his judgment generally adopted, I leave to the determination of the reader. For the information of a Constant Observer, I will just remark, that a "paradox" communicated by a correspondent from Annapolis, inserted in the Repository for July 17th, (whose publications were included in the remarks of "The Transient Observer," and this particular article alluded to) may be found in a book entitled the "Puzzling-Cap." This *valuable* pamphlet, in which a Constant Observer may pursue his favorite studies in this *instructive department of literature* to his great amusement and improvement, may be purchased of most of the booksellers at the moderate price of three pence. I note the price not only for the information of your correspondent beforementioned, but also to correct an unintentional error in my last communication, wherein it was stated that the book alluded to was a "two-penny pamphlet." When any essay is to be submitted to the penetrating eye of a person possessed of such *critical sagacity* as a Constant Observer, it becomes necessary to correct errors, tho' of such a trivial nature as the one just recorded.

His information with respect to "most publications of this kind in England," I must beg leave to tell him, is totally erroneous, and instead of proving his extensive reading as appears to be intended, is indeed an evidence of his deficiency in accurate intelligence. The argument he advances to support his "*sound doctrine*," relative to the Spectator and Rambler, is illusory; because at the period when the publication of these eminent works commenced, "public newspapers" were the only medium by which an extensive and *immediate* circulation was to be obtained, and when a due acquaintance with their respective merits was acquired by the world, they quickly detached themselves from "associates" so unworthy of them. Instead then of this assertion proving advantageous to the argument it was intended to support, it operates to its confutation.

If the ladies of Philadelphia, who have been held up to public notice in the manner stated, feel a just resentment at the impertinence of the scribblers who have *insulted* them, which I have every reason to believe, they will not be much gratified at the insinuation of a Constant Observer, that they were acceptable sacrifices at the altar of vanity.

Having thus endeavoured to follow your correspondent through his maze of comment and criticism, whose "ways" are indeed

"——————Dark and intricate,
"Puzzled in mazes and perplex'd in errors;
"Our understanding trace 'em in vain,
"Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search,"

I shall take leave of him with an observation in answer to his concluding remark;—that judges of the true value of "diamonds," do not examine every heap of "pebbles," to drag the gem from its degraded situation, to place it where its splendor will not be obscured and its worth will be obvious.

As your other correspondent*, who *appears* to allude to the communication which has been criticised by "a Constant Observer," soars above sober truth and reality into the regions of fiction, and as I do not feel disposed at present to commence "a wild-goose chace," he may continue his flight unmolested, and leave me amongst

"——————The gaping multitude below,"

Till his pinions like the "waxen wings," of the artist of antiquity, cease to support him from their inhererent debility and natural insufficiency. SENEX.

* See a communication signed "Peter Fry."

POTATOES.

IT has been accurately ascertained, that potatoes being washed, and afterwards cut into slices in a mill, or by any other mechanical mode; and then dried on a molt-kiln, till all the moisture be exhausted, may be certainly preserved for many years, and be as fit for use afterwards, as before they were dried. They have also been peeled, and then sliced and dried, hard enough to bear grinding in a common grist mill, from which the flour has been barrelled and sent to the West Indies and returned to this country, the whole process taking up four years; when both the potatoes, slices and meal, were as good and free from mould, or any bad flavour, as when they were first manufactured. The celebrated Dr. FRANKLIN recommends bread treated after the same process, as the best for sea-store. It is first sliced and then baked.

A NEW SONG.

BY DIBDIN.

A bachelor leads an easy life,
Few folks that are wed live better,
A man may live well with a very good wife,
But the puzzle is, HOW TO GET HER.

THERE are *pretty good* wives, and *pretty bad* wives,
And wives neither one thing nor t'other;
And, as for the wives who scold all their lives,
I'd sooner wed Adam's grandmother.

Then, ladies and gents, if to marriage inclin'd,
May deceit or ill-humour ne'er trap ye!
May those who are single get mates to their mind,
And those who are married live happy.

Some chuse their ladies for ease or for grace,
Or a pretty turn'd foot as they're walking;
Some chuse 'em for figure, and some for a face,
But very few chuse 'em for talking.

Now, as for the wife I could follow thro' life,
'Tis she who can speak sincerely;
Who, not over nice, can give good advice,
And love a good husband dearly.

So, ladies and gents, when to wedlock inclin'd,
May deceit and ill humour ne'er trap ye!
May those who are single find mates to their mind,
And those who are married live happy!

ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

The Cynic, No. 6.

" Dreams are but interludes, which Fancy makes
When monarch Reason sleeps." DRYDEN.

RETURNING from a perambulation through the city the other evening, after having fatigued myself with my walk, I sat down to read. GODWIN'S ENQUIRER, through some fortuitous occurrence, was at hand. The meeting was unexpected, and was very dissimilar to that which takes place when two friends, who have been long separated, come together. I took up the book, not to pore over its pages with rapture,—not to devour every half-formed extravagant sentiment with avidity, nor dwell with delight on its happy talent of ridiculing every sacred maxim, every holy object of *our superstitious* reverence.... but rather to smile at the author's vain attempts at wit, and pity his perverted understanding. From reading I fell into a train of mental reasoning, on the evil effects that were likely to ensue from the promulgation of such doctrines: From thinking, I reverted to the book; but very unphilosophically fell asleep, in the midst of one of the very best dissertations on the efficacy of the new-fangled doctrine, in dispersing the mists of prejudice in which the minds of mankind are so unfortunately shrouded. Although my eyes were closed, and my senses lulled into repose by the soporific influence of this philosophical budget of nonsense, yet imagination took up the subject where reason had left it, and pursuing the same train of ideas, gave me a very pleasing and interesting dream.

Methought I was placed on the summit of a high cliff, that rose from the surround-vale in majestic grandeur, and commanded an extensive view of the adjacent country. My faculties of vision seemed increased, space annihilated, and the whole world placed at my feet. The shepherd tended his flocks in the valley, the fisherman drew his nets to the bank of the stream,—the citizen toiled in his daily search after affluence, and every class of men pursued their different avocations in their ordinary manner. A serene sky, and a gentle breeze bespoke the happiness of the world, and the munificence of its CREATOR. I viewed, with silent reverence, the order that pervaded the whole, and the admirable propriety with which every thing was placed in its proper sphere of action. Suddenly the heavens became overcast,—a " dread repose" diffused itself over the face of nature: The terrible stillness that prevailed was the presage of a scene replete with horror. An earthquake rocked the ground. The earth rolled in waves like the ocean when agitated by a storm! Even the apparently immoveable rock on which I was placed, trembled to its base, and the most alarming convulsions succeeded the serenity which had before existed through all the grades of civilized and savage nature. When the commotions which agitated the surface of the earth had in some degree abated, I perceived that the ground had in many places sunk, and left in its place huge lakes, which emitted sulphureous vapours, that almost overcame me with suffocating oppression. I thought that the inhabitants must have met with inevitable destruction, as I doubted not but the dissolution of the world and the annihilation of all matter was at hand. Suddenly, at my right hand, I observed a form of etherial brightness, and by the angelic expression of her countenance I supposed it the messenger of the Eternal, who had come to announce the destruction of all things. I was mistaken. With a voice of unutterable benignity she informed me her name was *Truth*, and commanded me to observe the scene exhibited in the plain below. Waving her magic wand, I was enabled to penetrate the stygian gloom in which the world was enveloped, and comprehend the mysterious horrors of the prospect. I saw the inhabitants of the earth exhibit no symptoms of terror at the terrific convulsions which had inspired my mind with awe and dread; and they appeared totally insensible to the dangers to which they had been exposed. " Yon frail offsprings of mortality," said my divine attendant, " suppose that the convulsions which have so terrified you, were caused by the operations of Truth! Alas! they are strangers to my influence, and it has in reality been effected by the machinations of the fiend of darkness. Behold their infatuation. They conceive their minds to be illuminated with the glorious dawnings of the light of *philosophy;* they have destroyed the institutions that were erected by piety and virtue, and laugh at the ties of gratitude, of natural affection and religion, as the offsprings of visionaries and enthusiasts. As their inclination stimulates, or the brutal propensities of their nature prompts them, they are guilty of a violation of every sacred ordinance—of every moral precept. Murder and rapine they consider as the first steps toward the annihilation of prejudice, and their return to a happy state of nature. All the tender ties that are the ligaments of society are broken, and the powers of hell triumph in the reign of Anarchy and Deism, and dance in frantic exultation over the mouldering ruins of order—over the sacred ashes of of violated virtue! Their triumph will be short; the day will come when reason shall resume her wonted powers, when they will be sensible of the efficacy of my authority, and"——Here my dream was suddenly interrupted by a peal of thunder, or rather, as I afterwards found, by the falling of a pile of volumes at my right hand.

W.

Criticism.

Quid verum atque decens, curo rogo, et omnis in hoc sum. HOR. EPIST. FIRST.

MR. HOGAN,

IF *A Friend to Morality* had examined my observations with that candor which is the glory of a moral writer, I would not have taken any notice of his remarks. How it entered into his mind, that I recommended Rousseau's tender strokes to young ladies, or old ones, is altogether beyond my comprehension. What I said on that subject can bear no such construction, if words have any meaning.

I first asserted, that Rousseau's works abounded with feeling strokes,—and he has not attempted to deny it. I secondly said, that no good critic would deny him what ever merit was his due,—and this he has not attempted to controvert. In the third place, I gave it as my opinion, that since there were very many feeling strokes in Rousseau's works, and that as Fenelon's moral beauties were acknowledged by all, the poet did not commit a crime in writing thus, " the moral beauties of a Fenelon, and Rousseau's tender strokes she dearly lov'd." There certainly is more contained in these two lines, thus connected, than our critics appears to have clearly seen. The true meaning is, she loved the tender, sympathetic feeling sentiments of Rousseau, but governed all these by the strict morality of Fenelon.

It is well worthy of observation, that were we to banish every author from our libraries in which any pieces are found of an immoral tendency, few of the ancients would find a place, and not very many of

the moderns be left. I am by no means an admirer of Rousseau, but I desire to do him justice; if I banish him from the library, I would banish Virgil for his warm verses, in his 2d Eclogue; Ovid would also find no place, for his faulty pages are numerous; Horace, Juvenal, &c. &c. would be excluded;—the dirty and indelicate Swift,—the satirical, and, I had almost said, immodest Smollet,—the facetious and often indelicate Fielding,—the works of the humorous Sterne, with many others, too tedious to mention, would no more be heard of. But we may rest assured, that their beauties, *being so many*, will preserve them in existence when the works of those who have severely criticised them for their faults will be lost in oblivion.

Our *moral friend* is indeed very generous,—"Amicus," says he, "comes forward to recommend to young ladies his feeling strokes. It is true, he does not do this in so many words; but his reasoning amounts to the same thing." Do I recommend indeed? Does my reasoning amount to a recommendation when I say, "Do not however mistake me, I do not vindicate the works of Rousseau in toto. I am convinced many things in them do the writer no honor: nay, that many passages have, perhaps, had an evil tendency." If this be recommending, or if this reasoning amount to the same thing, I wish to know what is censure? I blame him for his faults,—and so I do every author, that in my opinion has transgressed the rules of morality or proper decorum. But I trust, I shall also be at liberty to admire their beauties; and like the bee, extract the honey, whether I find it on the leaf of the sweet-scented shrub or the apparently useless weed.

—

Pasquin next, in his good-natured humorous strains seems not yet satisfied. I am well pleased to find that his strictures did not flow from any evil intention: tho' from the following verses I confess, I could not have drawn the same conclusion.

"For such may none traverse the desert walk,
"Nor innocence nor wit e'er ope their charms!
"Nor fav'rite plants or shrubs recall sweet talk,
"Nor e'en a heart feel new unfelt alarms."

The literal meaning of the above, would I think be,—"for such a poet may no favorite female traverse the desert walk, innocence or wit never open their charms, nor a heart feel a passion." In my opinion, these punishments would be very severe for the committed offence.

Pasquin deserves praise for the smoothness of his lines; he really possesses a very delicate ear, and is by no means destitute of taste: he is, however, sometimes above my comprehension; but that, you know, may be my fault, not his: For instance, in his lines to J. D—s:

"No more of *him*—Oh! how *I* pant for breath,
"What rage at critics all *his* bosom fires."

I am not able to find out who is meant by *him*, and *I*, and *his*—Whether the gardener, the poet, or Pasquin, or all three be meant? I propose as an enigma.

Again, in his verses to Amicus, I am lost in the following:

"*Amicus* have you ever been,
"Where keen burlesque display'd her scene?"

Answer. Yes.

"Where sullen gloom'd the pompous show
"Of heroes sunk in deepest woe?"

No; I never saw a pompous show glooming sullenly.

"Nor join'd the universal roar,
"When Bernard swore he'd die *no more*?"

Yes, I have with pleasure.

"Oh! if you have—to seek relief
"Go whine in elegiac grief."

Relief from what? From that pleasure?—I will ask none—It passed off long ago—But why whine in grief because I was then merry?—I confess I cannot see the reason. I do not say there is none, but only that it lies too deep for my penetration.

Again,—

"But tell me where the greater crime,*
"Indulging in a flow of rhyme,
"To pen a stanza to your friend
"And shew wherein† he his syle may mend;
"Than to write sonnets to the eye
"Of her who gives this breast to sigh."

Here he is too hard for me; I must answer, I don't know; for I thought neither was a crime.

"You see good-nature rules my song."

I believe it does, and I hope it ever shall; and Pasquin may rest assured, that there is nothing farther from the breast of Amicus, than a desire of giving a moment's uneasiness: he writes to correct and to be corrected—but he is convinced that Pasquin must see that he committed no blunder in these words, "perhaps the sentiment is too much tainted with piety for Pasquin—but I hope not"—Amicus never entertained such a thought as that piety can taint; but some men are found in the world, I hope they are few, who think every pious person ought to be avoided; and sentiments that are pious are never used by them—To such only the sentence reaches.

In the last place, he objects gently to my authorities, "Blackmore and Ovid"—Pasquin is correct in not placing much dependence on the taste of Blackmore, for tho' some parts of his productions are very beautiful, yet he is guilty of very great faults. Ovid is generally correct in his epithets and figures, and Dryden is admitted as a classical authority; Virgil makes the earth, caves, sea, woods, and ships groan; so that authorities for such a figure are too numerous to be utterly laid aside.

I shall close these remarks, by requesting Pasquin once more to read over, in Ovid's Metamorphosis, the elegant address of the earth to Jupiter, in the midst of the conflagration occasioned by Phaeton—he will there hear of the earth opening her jaws, pressing her forehead with her hand, speaking with an audible voice, and pleading her cause with great eloquence; while her eyes were filled with smoke, her hair singed, and her face covered with hot embers.

AMICUS.

* I suppose he meant *which* is the greater crime.

† I suppose it ought to have been, *how*.

Medical.

—

AN EXTRACT

From Mr. Baldwin's "Recollections relative to Egypt."

"IN a glass I put some pure olive oil, and over it, on the glass, at the distance of half an inch at least, I put a lemon, perfect and almost mature. And in a few hours I had the satisfaction to see the acid of the lemon trickling down the glass, and mixing with the oil; and in about eight days the lemon had almost exhausted itself of every drop of its juice. I have always succeeded in this experiment, but with great diversity as to the time, from the diversity of the season, and quality of the fruit. I had now an evidence of the predilection of the acid for an oil; and so strong a predilection, that it would quit its natural body to intermix itself with this stranger. These things may be common to professors in Chymia: so much the better; they will be the readier to approve me. But I have found them only now in the way to my purpose. What remained to be done now but to try the experiment on the plague itself. An opportunity soon offered.

"My opposite neighbour, being at his window looked afflicted. I asked him what ailed him? He told me, that a young man, his relation, in a part of the same building he inhabited, was struck with the plague. "Anoint him with oil," said I, "and he will do well." He had no opinion of the oil, and did nothing. The next day I questioned him, "Well how is your relation? Have you anointed him?"—"No; he is better. It was false, the man was worse. The third day in the evening I saw

him again; he was crying; "What is the matter with you, is your relation dead?"—"No; but he is very ill; he is dying!"—"Anoint him with oil," I said to him again. "Oil is heating," he replied. "Heating or cooling," I said, "would you have the man die? Try it."—And he left me, and went and saw that his relation was anointed; and the next day the man was free from pain; with a good appetite, and a large tumor in his groin, but perfectly easy. I ordered him to humect frequently the tumor with oil: and in eight days it came to a suppuration, and the man is now walking in the streets.

"This being promulgated among the neighbours, another infected person tried it, and was cured; and then another, and another, to the number of 7, whose names I possess, and whose blessings I enjoy.

"But this is not the only instance of mortal diseases being cured by oil; should I say, "diseases that would have proved mortal without it?" I have tried it on five rats, stung one by one by a scorpion. The first swelled to a great size, and appeared to be near dead. I poured some pure oil upon him, and he recovered, and in a few minutes ran away. But he might have recovered without the oil, as people say of my seven persons recovered from the plague. I put a second to the scorpion, and the rat was stung; and I left him to himself, and he died very soon. Then I presumed that the former had been cured by the oil. I tried another, and cured him, and another, and he died; and another, and he was cured.

"There was that virtue therefore in the oil, or that predilection in the malignant humour which the sting infused for the oil, as to draw it from the body, and avert the poison.

"I have applied oil to my foot, in fits of the gout, and have appeased the pain, and abated the inflammation almost instantly. without suffering a return. It is now six years since I have used it in fits of the gout with never-failing success. I have many witnesses to this truth, and do consider it as an infallible cure for the gout, as soon as it has resolved itself into an inflammation externally. My receipt therefore is:—

"As soon as the first symptoms of the plague appear, to anoint the body with pure olive oil; for tho' the doctrine of this remedy seems to apply more to the stage of the disorder in which the tumours appear, yet the crisis of the greater danger laying between the attack and its attainment to this stage, it may be fatal to wait for the appearance of the tumours. And, besides, its efficacy is likely to be more certain in this case than the other.

"When the tumours appear, there needeth little more attention than to humect them frequently with oil.

"And, I believe, that people having anointed their bodies with oil, will find it to be a preservative against the infection, and may attend their friends without apprehension of danger."

CITIZENS,

Pay a due attention to the following discovery of the learned Citizen GUTTON MORVEAU, in cases of Yellow Fever:

Recipe to prevent persons in health attending the Sick, from receiving contagion:

TAKE 3 oz. 2 drams, and 10 grains of Muriate de Soude (fine salt)—5 drams, 17 grains d'oxide Manganese, 1 oz. 2 drams and 33 grains pump-water, 1 oz. 7 drams, 50 grains of spirits of vitriol; mix your salt with your Maganeses, and put the quantity of water and vitriol in a bason of china, or queen's ware, and place it in a corner of the room where the sick are, and it will disperse the infected maisma and corrupt air, and the process will by being repeated two or three times a-day, prevent the persons attending the sick, and the family from receiving any contagion.

This information is made public as a duty to my fellow-citizens. B. N.

N. B. The expence per day is but 25 Cts.

The different printers are requested to insert this for the information of the inhabitants of the United States.

DR. HOYGARTH's

Rules to be observed in Houses where Infectious Fevers subsist.

1. AS safety from danger entirely depends on cleanliness and fresh air, the chamber door of a patient infected, or ill of an infectious fever, especially the habitations of the poor, should never be shut; a window in it ought to be generally opened during the day, and frequently in the night. Such regulations would be highly useful, both to the patient and nurses; but are particularly important, previous to the arrival of any visitor.

2. The bed-curtains should never be close drawn round the patient; but only on the side next the light, so as to shade the face.

3. Dirty clothes, utensils, &c. should be frequently changed, immediately immersed in cold water, and washed clean when taken out of it.

4. All discharges from the patient should be instantly removed. The floor near the patient's bed should be rubbed clean every day with a wet mop, or cloth.

5. The air in a sick-room has, at the same time, a more infectious quality in some parts than in others. Visitors and attendants should avoid the current of the patient's breath, the air which ascends from his body, especially if the bed-curtains be closed,—and the vapour arising from all evacuations. When medical or other duties require a visitor or nurse to be placed in these situations of danger, infection may be frequently prevented by a temporary suspension of respiration.

6. Visitors should not go into an infectious chamber with an empty stomach; and in doubtful circumstances, on coming out, they should blow from the nose, and spit from the mouth, any infectious poison, which may have been drawn in by the breath, and may adhere to these passages.

MORALIST.

THE support and solace that are frequently derived, in the sufferings of life, from social connections, do not always stand forward to our view, when those sufferings are presented to our eyes. How sweet to the afflicted is the silent tear, or the soothing tones of sympathy, none but they that have suffered, and been thus consoled, can say.—And thus consoled, by some one or other, the majority of mourners have been—Where is the man that has wept, and found no one to weep with him? these social consolations are of a secret, and silent nature; they make no noise, like the misfortunes which they remedy; they appear not, along with them, in the front and surface of the situation to which they look; they lie concealed in its recesses, and retire from our view. We hear of sickness, but we see not into the room that is the seat of it; we perceive not the affection that is attending there; whose tender office it is to enliven its languor, and smooth its bed; to "explore the tho't and explain the asking eye." We are informed of shipwrecked fortunes; the crash resounds, and reaches every ear: but we follow not the ruined man in his retirements from the world; we trace not his silent retreat to the hearts who receive him; our eyes go not after him in his secret entrance into that temple of Friendship which is his sanctuary from the pursuit of sorrow.—We behold the virtuous victim of calumny robbed of his good

name, injured, perhaps, in the public estimation; we regard him, (if our judgment have escaped the general delusion, and go not with the voice of the multitude) with all the depression of pity, as a temporary outcast from human love; without thinking of the circle of those, whose good opinion of him is protected by intimate knowledge of his merit; that circle of an affectionate few, to which he is able to retire from the frown of the many; within which he sits in peace, and, cheered by its genial warmth, listens to the tempest of evil tongues with all the serenity of one, around whose house the wind howls and the rain drives, without being able to penetrate to his pillow, or to his heart.

Literary.

MR HOGAN.

I this day experienced much pleasure in subscribing my name to a proposal by Mr. *John W. Scott*, for publishing a work entitled, "the Juveniliad: or, Young Gentleman and Ladies' Moral Library:"—a work of this nature, I doubt not, will be both useful and entertaining, not only to those for whom it is particularly designed, but it must be highly interesting to parents, guardians, and all those who have the instruction and welfare of the rising generation at heart.

Mr. Scott, not chosing to follow the bombastic plan of most modern publishers, merely draws the outlines of the work, leaving a candid public to judge of its merits;—and should we venture to decide from the character he bears in society, we would not hesitate to pronounce it worthy of a generous patronage, to which end shall be exercised the endeavors of

A PARENT.

PHILADELPHIA, *August* 4, 1802.

ANECDOTES.

THE following instance of sagacity in one of the *senine* race, we are will assured is a fact.—An old maiden Lady of fortune, a few weeks since, made a favourite cat her chief companion. In her usual sitting room was a closet where Puss's victuals was kept, and in which also was a private drawer, that the cat had seen drawn out, by her hand mistress. After the old lady's death, the cat, finding no victuals in the closet, was observed repeatedly to scratch very earnestly over the spot where lay the private drawer. This at length excited attention—the place was searched, the drawer discovered, and in it found in bank notes and cash, upwards of 2000l. The old maiden's heir in consequence, settled 10l. per annum on the cat, for its comfortable support during life!

—

Two neighbours speaking of the recent conduct of Buonaparte, one of them observed, "that the Chief Consul's *head was long enough* to out-wit the whole French nation."—"Yes," replied the other, "but he will soon find somebody that has wit enough to make him *a head shorter!*"

[*Balance.*

PHILADELPHIA,

AUGUST 7, 1802.

NOTICE.

☞ THE Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are informed, that, on account of the prevalence of the Fever, and the general removal of the Citizens, its publication will be suspended, until Saturday, the 6th day of NOVEMBER next; unless more favourable circumstances shall permit its recommencement sooner.

Those Subscribers who yet remain in the city, would oblige the Editor by paying their arrearages to the CARRIERS.

Subscribers at a distance, who have not forwarded their subscription-money for the Second Volume *(agreeably to the conditions of publication)* will no doubt reflect, that both justice and *humanity* call upon them, at this distressing period, for an immediate fulfillment of their engagements.

*** Letters and other communications, forwarded to the Editor's usual address, will be punctually attended to.

The Fever,

Notwithstanding the late flattering prospects of its totally subsiding, has again made its appearance, under very alarming circumstances. The following is a summary of the Reports of the Board of Health, since the 31st ult.

July 31st, Eleven persons indisposed of various complaints in the neighbourhood of Vine, Callowhill, Front and Water-streets—But four persons had died—(one of an apoplectic fit) in that district, since the report of the 22d.

August 2d. Since the last report five persons have been taken sick, six have died, four sent to the hospital, and eleven remain sick, four of whom deemed dangerous.

——— 3d. Seven persons taken sick in the Northern Liberties; and seven persons ill with malignant fevers within the limits of the City.

——— 5th. The number reported as taken sick this day within the City and Liberties, *ten*—Deaths as follow:—

Mrs. Innes and her grand-child, Water near Vine street.—Joseph Burns's son and daughter, Front above Callowhill street.—John Smith, Innkeeper, Water-street near the Drawbridge.—Nancy Rourk, removed from the same place on the 3d, died on the 5th in Moyamensing.—Mr. Smith, in Third street, near Cherry alley.—Mrs. Smith, who nursed in a sick family, near Vine street, died out of town on the 3d.—At the City Hospital, none.

——— 6th. Taken sick, *seven*—Died,—George Denzill, in Lilly alley, between Greene and Noble streets.—Mrs. Pollock, near Vine street.—Admissions at the City Hospital, *two*—Remaining in the Hospital, *twelve*—Eloped, *one*.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

HAVING observed a paragraph in the Repository of Saturday last, mentioning, the marriage of G. S. to Miss E. Munns, and as I am the only person of that name in Mountholly, I must beg you to contradict the assertion in your next number, in the most positive terms.

With due respect,
I am, Your's,
GEORGE SHIRAS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rego is informed, that a consciousness of the disinterested principles upon which the editor acts with respect to *all* his correspondents, render every attempt futile to assail him with the bug bear of PARTIALITY; and that his declining to publish the answer to a Transient Observer, arose solely from the repugnance he felt to devote so much room to so trivial, tho' innocent a subject,—and from Rego's attempt to "arraign," not the editor's "judgment," but his *conduct*, by calling for the publication of a piece against which he had long ago decided. Would he, however, condense his answer to a Transient Observer, and confine himself to a defence of "his own productions," it may yet be published. In the mean time he is assured, that a continuation of the *Enigmatist*, will be acceptable.

Alonzo S. has mistaken the editor's note to *Rego* in the last number, if he has construed any part of it into a permission to continue his *Enigmatical Lists*—delicacy requires that that subject should now be dropped.

Sundry communications received this week, and a number remaining on our file, will receive prompt attention, if life is spared, and our editorial labours again commence. ☞ For these and former favours the editor most sincerely thanks his correspondents.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HYMNS.

HYMN IX.

To God only wise be glory.

ROM. XVI. 27.

GLORY to God on high,
The universal Lord,
Who form'd the earth and sky,—
Still be his name ador'd,
Where thought can soar,
Or being rise;
His grace adore,
Earth, sea, and skies.

He form'd this wond'rous earth,
By *one* almighty word,
And gave creation birth,—
Still be his pow'r ador'd:
Raise high the song,
Ye saints on earth;
Angels prolong
The heav'nly mirth.

Praise Him whose bounteous hand
Did form our mortal frame,
Bade ev'ry thought expand,
Gave ev'ry thought an aim
In wisdom great,
And fitly join'd
Our frame complete,
And reas'ning mind.

How matchless is his love,
How infinite his grace,
His mighty works do prove,
Done for the human race
In ev'ry age,
And still the same;
O! come engage
To praise his name.

Soon shall our feeble forms
Return to native dust,
And yield to kindred worms,
Their pow'r, and wealth and trust:
But still the same
Our God remains;
O praise his name
In endless strains.

Praise him for life and health,
For hopes of glory giv'n,
For reason, real wealth,
And all the joys of heav'n
By Christ proclaim'd,
Who hath prepar'd
For the redeem'd
A great reward.

He'll from the darksome grave
Us raise to life, and joy;
From death and hell will save,
And all their pow'r destroy.
Creation, all
Thy pow'rs extend,
Praise, great and small,
Him, without end.

X. W. T.

THE MILK-MAID.

THE orient skies with purple glow:
Susan! pray hand me down my pail;
For soon the sun his face will shew,
And ply his beams around the vale.
Give me my bonnet, I'm in haste;
Bless me how warm I fear 'twill be;
What pity that my time should waste,
While *Colin*, may be, waits for me.

Now to the field with speed I'll go,
For *Colin* vow'd to meet me there:
I'm sure his arms he'll round me throw,
And press my cheeks, and call me fair.
O what delight to sit and hear
The pleasing accents of his tongue;
Or listen with attentive ear,
To the sweet music of his song.

Last May-day, when, around the green,
The village lasses tripp'd so gay:
Each strove the foremost to be seen—
Each strove to bear the palm away.
Colin advanc'd, with speaking eye,
And round my brows a wreathe he wove,—
O how the maids were heard to sigh
For that sweet token of his love.

Haste moments—bring him to my view!
O dear, why does my lover stay?
He surely will not prove untrue—
No, no, he'll shortly pass this way.
Then will I whisper in his ear,
What he has heard, with joy before—
That every time he meets me here,
Mira will love him more and more.

AMELIA.

BALTIMORE,
JULY 15, 1802.

EVENING.

SEE in the west the sun is fast descending;
And the mild ev'ning now serenely reigns—
The gentle breezes all around attending,
Spread the sweet incense of the flow'ry plains.

See the gay clouds their beauties now unfolding,
Ting'd with the crimson, and the golden dyes;
Enrob'd in splendor, we their form beholding,
Admire the glory of the ruddy skies.

Behold the sun in solemn pomp declining,
Each object casts a long extended shade—
Yon stream, on which his beams are faintly shining
With glist'ning waves flows gently thro' the mead.

The feather'd warblers to their nests retreating,
Chaunt forth harmon'ously their ev'ning song—
The fleecy flocks along the plains are bleating,
And slowly to their folds they move along.

See the gay rustics to their homes repairing,
With the rich harvest of the fruitful field:
Whilst maidens are the rural fete preparing.—
Then all to jocund mirth and pleasure yield.

Ah! happy swains—their artless bosoms teeming,
With purest friendship and extatic joys;
Health in their looks, their eyes with transport beaming,
Drives care away, and ev'ry grief destroys.

Lo! now the sun no more his light bestowing,
His course is ended in the crimson'd west:
And gloomy night her sable curtain drawing
O'er all the earth—bids nature sink to rest.

ORLANDO.

JULY, 1802.

NIGHT.

"Night! sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
"In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
"Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world."

YOUNG.

THE sun has hid his glories in the west,
And night in sable darkness shrouds the plains;
From care and labour man retires to rest,
And all around a solemn silence reigns;—

Save where the hoarse resounding cataract roars,
With fury trembling 'twixt the mountains' sides,
Thro' the deep vale the foaming torrent pours,
Thence with yon river's winding current glides.

Now in the boundless azure vault above,
Unnumber'd stars with twinkling lustre glow;
Far as the eye thro' endless skies can rove,
New cause for wonder wakens to the view.

How awful is this melancholy gloom;
No light (save what yon rolling planets yield)
Emits its ray; the eye's forbid to roam
Far as the neighb'ring solitary field.

Perhaps ev'n now, the trav'ler on his way,
Looks round in vain to find a place of rest;
Whilst daring thieves, who shun the light of day,
With murd'rous fury rush against his breast.

Beneath their deadly wounds he bleeding bends,
Sinks to the ground with dying uprais'd eyes:
In vain for mercy calls!—the plund'ring fiends
No mercy know—He faintly groans—and dies!...

Behold (to cheer the solemn gloom of night,)
The moon, rob'd in majestic splendor rise:
Around she casts her pleasing welcome light,
And shines unrivall'd in the spangled skies!

She mounts resplendent thro' the azure blue,
And to all nature yields a softer day:
The shad'wy plains awaken to my view,
And gentle breezes o'er the landscapes play.

Her borrow'd light thro' yonder forest gleams,
And the fair dew-drop glitters to her rays;
The glassy bosom of the winding streams
Reflect her image in a silver blaze!

Pleas'd I survey the moon's refulgent light,
And ev'ry wand'ring star which 'round her glow
Each hill and plain with rapture fills my sight,
'Till drowsy sleep compels me to repose.

ORLANDO.